

SMALL THINGS BUT BIG FORTUNES

Says T. S. Douglas

EVERYONE knows the inventor of the turbine, the motor-car, the aeroplane; but how many could name the originators of many of the little things we use every day to make our life more comfortable, such as postage stamps, safety-pins and bootlaces?

Some of these inventors made fortunes greater than Parsons, Daimler and the Wrights, but others were not only unsung, but also unrewarded. This morning, for instance, you may have laced up your boots. The first boots had nothing but holes for the laces, which were only pieces of string or tape. Harvey Kennedy, the man who invented the metal-tagged bootlace, is said to have made half a million out of the idea.

H. A. Snipp, who invented the metal hooks which replaced eyes in the upper part of the opening and thus made lacing easier, was not so fortunate. He sold his patent for £50. The purchasers are believed to have made £250,000 out of the sale of these boot hooks.

Several other inventors contributed to the modern boot and shoe. The rubber heel owes its origin to a factory worker, who put down his indignation to vibration from the machinery getting into his body. He therefore brought a rubber mat in with him, and stood on it to "insulate" himself.

O'Sullivan's mats were frequently "pinched" by other workers, and at last he hit on the idea of cutting up a mat and nailing shaped pieces to his heels. Thus the rubber heel was born and the inventor became a millionaire.

The simple idea of making little metal plates to protect soles and heels made a fortune. Blakey is said to have hit on the idea when he noticed that a piece of metal accidentally picked up prolonged the wear of the heel. From 12,000,000 plates in 1879 the sales soared to 143,000,000 ten years later, giving a profit of £230,000.

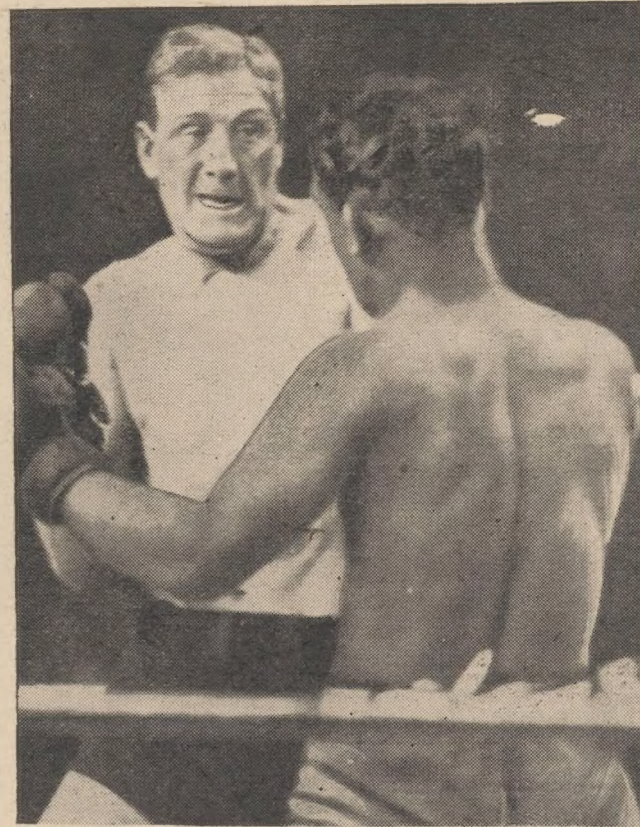
The humble pin—safety and hair—has made fortunes. Forms of safety-pins were known in Ancient Egypt, but the modern version invented at the turn of the century made a fortune. A later improvement was making the pin curved so that it could be pushed through babies' clothes or bandages with less danger of accidental pricking.

The man who invented the crinkled hairpin, S. H. Goldberg, of Chicago, died in 1940. He noticed that when his wife bent down or made any sudden movement she seemed to spill hairpins, and decided to invent hairpins that would "stay put." The result was an invention that made him £3,000,000!

The inventor of the first crinkled curler, Hinde, of Birmingham, made £100,000, and a man who improved the familiar hook and eye by putting a bulge in the hook so that it did not slip out easily had to buy pig iron by the ton to keep pace with the demand for his product!

FILLING A VACUUM.

Vacuum flasks are one of the great conveniences of modern travel. But not one person in a million could name the inven-



tor. Lewis Gompertz described it fully in 1850, but although a prolific inventor—his patents including the expanding chuck used on every lathe to-day—apparently thought so little of it that he did not patent it.

The first man to make a flask was Sir Ambrose Fleming in 1892, working to a drawing given him by Sir James Dewar. The flask was required to prevent the liquid gases with which they were experimenting evaporating—hot tea was the last thing in their minds. Sir James Dewar took out a patent in 1893.

The inventor of the picture rail, which has saved millions of walls from disfigurement by nails, figured briefly in the news six years ago when he died at the age of 94. He was Lt.-Col. C. A. D. George who started life as a poor orphan and became one of Britain's leading builders.

The idea came to him as a result of the complaints of housewives that they had to spoil a wall every time they hung a picture. He does not appear to have patented it, but died a wealthy man.

Millions of picture postcards a year are now sent through the post. The inventor of the picture postcard died a poor man a few years ago.

Ludwig Zrenner was a young lithographer in Nuremberg when the German Post Office introduced "correspondence cards." He hit on the idea of putting views on the blank side, issued the first picture postcards in 1872, and made a fortune which enabled him to retire. His death in a garret was due to his fortune disappearing in the post-war inflation.

No one man can claim to have invented the modern fountain pen. The nib of gold with iridium tip was invented by John Isaac Hawkins as long ago as the 18th century and used in ordinary pens.

The first self-filler pen was invented by Parker in 1832, working on the piston-suction principle.

Walter Mosley introduced the rubber sac in 1859, and filling this type of pen with a side lever was first carried out in 1867.

Punch Plus Pluck THE BOMBARDIER SHOWS 'EM

THE GOLDEN AGE OF BOXING
By W. H. MILLIER

that it was an ill-advised match and one that Billy Wells was better without.

WAS NOT IN JOHNSON'S CLASS.

That he was disappointed at the turn of events goes without saying, but it would have been a bad day for British boxing if the fight had been allowed. Johnson was at that time in a class by himself.

The prohibition of that fight gave Wells the longest interval he had so far had out of the ring, and it was not until the following December that he had his next contest. This was at the N.S.C., where he fought Fred Storbeck, a husky young South African, who had turned professional after coming here to win the amateur heavy-weight title.

Storbeck was a likeable athlete. He wanted to get to the top of the profession now he had made the plunge, and he was most conscientious in his work and in his efforts to learn all he could; but he was one of the unluckiest boxers I ever knew.

For many months he failed to earn his keep, through no fault of his. He just could not persuade promoters to match him with any worthwhile heavyweight. In spite of this, he kept in training, and gained valuable experience by sparring with anyone who wanted help.

On two occasions he had the bad luck to wrench an ankle when training and had to lay off for several weeks. At last he secured a contest with Bill Chase at the N.S.C., and showed such good form that Mr. Bettinson considered he was good enough to be matched with Bombardier Wells.

Even this meeting, however, had to be deferred, as Wells had damaged his right hand on the hard head of a sparring partner. I can, even after all these years have elapsed, recall the sight of the Bombardier's hand.

I doubted whether he would ever be able to use it with damaging effect after this. The two middle knuckles were broken and so badly displaced that the wonder is he ever scored another knock-out; but he did, many more.

BUT FINISHED STORBECK.

Eventually the pair met at the N.S.C., and that was the unluckiest stroke of Storbeck's career, for he met Wells at the top of his form, and received such a severe beating that he was practically finished as a fighter when he had only just begun.

Storbeck gave a grand display and was gameness personified; but he took a terrific lot of punishment, and was actually groping about the ring, blinded, at the eleventh round, when he was knocked out, and shall merely add out.

BOMBARDIER BILLY WELLS was subjected to plenty of criticism following his defeat at the hands of Gunner Moir. Most of his critics agreed that there was not much wrong with his boxing, but that it was obvious that he lacked stamina.

Wells may have had his own ideas about this, and it is to his credit that immediately after this setback he yielded to well-meant advice and placed himself in the hands of Tom Inch, a famous physical culture expert.

Inch declared that Wells could be improved by special exercises devoted to building up more muscle near his narrow waistline, and the Bombardier readily undertook to practise the method.

Wells was too good a magnet for a promoter of the calibre of McIntosh to leave on the shelf, and it was not long before he was given another match. Porky Flynn, an American heavyweight who came to London with Sam Langford, was chosen as his opponent, and the pair met at Olympia three months after Wells had suffered his first defeat.

In that short period Wells had certainly worked hard under Professor Inch, and his physique showed noticeable improvement, but, what is more to the point, he proved beyond any doubt that he did not lack stamina.

As if to prove how wrong his critics were in saying that if he failed to win in two or three rounds he would not win at all, Wells went the full twenty rounds with Flynn and won nineteen of them by a clear-cut margin.

WELLS AT HIS BEST.

Rarely can a contest have been seen in which one boxer was so superior as to win almost every round and yet retain its absorbing interest right to the last. This fight did, and it enabled Wells to be seen at his best. Flynn was a game and sturdy fighter, and amazingly strong to stand up to such a battering for twenty rounds.

It was certainly a triumph for Wells, who had not previously boxed more than ten rounds. No longer could anyone say with the slightest degree of truth that the Bombardier lacked stamina. Yet, surprising though it may sound, the critics were not silenced. They now declared that he displayed a woeful lack of punishing power.

★ ★ ★

It is a wonder Wells didn't chuck his gloves and boxing boots at these critics and turn to milder pursuits that would be less publicised.

Here I may add that Wells knew he could have displayed more punishing power. He probably could have won much earlier by a knock-out, despite the known toughness of the American, but he wanted to prove to himself and his friends, as well as Tom Inch, that he had the stamina to stay the full course of twenty rounds, and it must be said that he succeeded admirably.

At all events, his remarkably good showing against Flynn gained him his match with Iron Hague at the National Sporting Club for the British heavy-weight championship and Lonsdale Belt.

Wells made no mistake in this fight, and won the championship by knocking out his opponent in the sixth round. To win the championship of Great Britain within ten months of fighting his first contest as a professional was a remarkable achievement, and I cannot recall anything approaching this for a quick rise to championship status.

His popularity, high as it was before he won the championship, now knew no bounds. Promoters vied with each other to secure this great drawing card.

It was here that James White showed that astuteness which enabled him later to become a millionaire, so characteristic of him, by beating all rivals to the post.

He secured the Bombardier's signature to a contract, and imagined he had landed the match of the century when he persuaded Jack Johnson to defend his world's title against Wells in London. White, however, had not expected the tremendous opposition that faced him soon after he had announced the match. I mentioned this in an earlier instalment, and shall merely add out.

THE BLOT MADE MONEY.

The name of the inventor of blotting paper is lost. He was a workman at a paper mill in Berkshire, who one day forgot to add some of the proper sizing ingredients to a paper vat. The paper was spoiled and put on one side for the proprietor to use as "waste." He tried writing on it, found the ink was absorbed as fast as he wrote—and blotting paper was invented!

Until that time, just over a century ago, sand was the universal blotter, and, curiously enough, it continued to be used by some up to the present century. The reason why blotting paper was formerly pink is that red rags cannot be bleached, and were therefore always set aside for use in blotters, the colour of which did not matter.

Gee ain't I small—



—to be so fortunate

We're tuning in to-day to A.B.s WILFRED and ERNEST BACKHOUSE

HILDA, Lilian and Dad are tuning in to you both from Manchester. Wilfred and Ernest.

They didn't say the wavelengths—and we won't tell, either! But this lets you know that Hilda's getting on fine in her nursing, and Lilian thinks her job as train guard beats any yet. After all, Nurse Hilda can't wave flags and blow whistles! Dad didn't say anything except:—

"My lads are all right."



Periscope
PageWANGLING
WORDS—105

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after ALE, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of ERIC'S CENTRE, to make an English town.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: GOAL into POST, SIDE into SHOW, FILM into STAR, SEA into FOG.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from HAPPIDROME?

Answers to Wangling
Words—No. 104

1. ORATOR.
 2. DAGENHAM.
 3. SONG, LONG, LONE, LOSE, LOST, LOOT, FOOT, FORT, PORT, POET, POEM, COAL, COIL, COIN, CORN, CORE, BORE, BOLE, HOLE, DROP, PROP, POOP, LOOP, LOOK, LOCK, LICK, KICK, DAYS, WAYS, WARS, WARE, WORE, WORK, PORK, PERK, PEEK, WEEK.
 4. List, Tent, Tens, Tail, Late, Teal, Tale, Silt, Site, Test, Last, Sail, Line, Lane, Nail, East, Lint, Tint, Time, Seal, Sane, Salt, etc.
- Aisle, Taste, Least, Saint, Stale, Stain, Leans, Snail, Steal, Islet, Leant, Lines, Satan, Tiles, Title, State, etc.

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together.

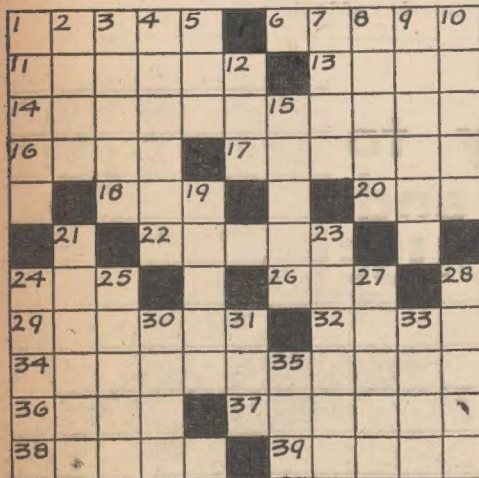
- (a) CHOOSES CHAR.
- (b) RULES BY RUTH.

(Answers on Page 3)

Answers to Quiz
in No. 142

1. A ram.
2. (a) Mrs. Henry Wood, (b) Somerset Maugham.
3. Strawberry; the others are stone fruit.
4. A fit of sulking.
5. New South Wales.
6. Wear glasses; myopia is short sight.
7. Smelling like a goat.
8. An Australian acacia tree.
9. The detective in "Bleak House."
10. Macbeth.
11. 1471, by Caxton.
12. Dover and Carlisle.

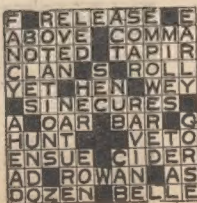
CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Banter.
6. Fish-hook points.
11. Lounge along.
13. Notable deed.
14. Beyond doubt.
16. Tame-spirited.
17. Read.
18. Colour.
20. Enervate.
22. Cross line on letter.
26. Weir.
29. Enmity.
32. Heavy sleep.
34. Musical narratives.
36. Boy's name.
37. Special aptitude.
38. Wheel bands.
39. Donkey.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.



CLUES DOWN.

1. Scale.
2. Whetstone.
3. Tree.
4. Kidney potatoes.
5. Watch pocket.
7. At a distance.
8. Puzzle.
9. Flowering plant.
10. Soak.
12. Spot on domino.
15. Lukewarm.
19. First appearance.
21. Unfrequented.
23. Easy.
24. Weight for gems.
25. More pleasant.
27. Shifted.
28. Rash.
30. Rodents.
31. Rested.
33. Repair.
35. Bronze.

The Strange
BedBy WILKIE
COLLINS

MY room was on the second floor, and looked into the back street. I raised my hand to open the window, knowing that on that action hung, by the merest hair's breadth, my chance of safety. They keep vigilant watch in a house of murder. If any part of the frame cracked, if the hinge creaked, I was a lost man!

It must have occupied me at least five minutes, reckoning by time—five hours, reckoning by suspense—to open that window. I succeeded in doing it silently, in doing it with all the dexterity of a housebreaker, and then looked down into the street. To leap the distance beneath me would be almost certain destruction. Next I looked round at the sides of the house. Down the left side ran a thick water-pipe; it passed close by the outer edge of the window. The moment I saw the pipe my breath came and went freely for the first time since I had seen the canopy of the bed moving down upon me.

To some men, the means of escape which I had discovered might have seemed difficult and dangerous enough; to me, the prospect of slipping down the pipe into the street did not suggest even a thought of peril.

I had already got one leg over the window-sill when I remembered the handkerchief filled with money under my pillow. So I went back to the bed, and tied the heavy handkerchief at my back by my cravat.

Just as I had made it tight and fixed it in a comfortable place, I thought I heard a sound of breathing outside the door. The chill feeling of horror ran through me again as I listened. No! Dead silence still in the passage; I had only heard the night air blowing softly into the room. The next moment I was on the window-sill, and the next I had a firm grip on the water-pipe with my hands and knees.

I slid down into the street easily and quietly, as I thought I should, and immediately set off at the top of my speed to a branch "prefecture" of police, which I knew was situated in the immediate neighbourhood. A "sub-prefect," and several picked men among his subordinates, happened to be up, maturing, I believe, some scheme for discovering the per-

petrator of a mysterious murder which all Paris was talking of just then.

When I began my story in a breathless hurry and in very bad French, I could see that the sub-prefect suspected me of being a drunken Englishman who had robbed somebody. But he soon altered his opinion as I went on; and, before I had anything like concluded, he shoved all the papers before him into a drawer, ordered a file of soldiers, desired his expert followers to get ready all sorts of tools for breaking open doors and ripping up brick flooring, and took my arm, in the most friendly and familiar manner possible, to lead me with him out of the house.

Away we went through the streets, the sub-prefect cross-examining and congratulating me in the same breath, as we marched at the head of our formidable *posse comitatus*. Sentinels were placed at the back and front of the house the moment we got to it.

A tremendous battery of knocks was directed against the door; a light appeared at the window; I was told to conceal myself behind the

Who is it?

He was a tinker by trade, born in Bedfordshire. He was an earnest student of the Bible, and was arrested and imprisoned for preaching without a licence. On his release he was appointed a pastor, and was again arrested and lodged in gaol. There he wrote one of the most widely read religious books in the English language. Who was he?

(Answer on Page 3)

police. Then came more knocks, and a cry of "Open, in the name of the law!" At that terrible summons, bolts and locks gave way before an invisible hand; and, the moment after, the sub-prefect was in the passage, confronting a waiter, half-dressed, and ghastly pale.

This was the short dialogue which immediately took place: "We want to see the Englishman who is sleeping in this house."

"He went away hours ago." "He did no such thing. His friend went away; he remained. Show us to his bedroom."

"I swear to you, M. le Sub-prefet, he is not here. He—" "I swear to you, M. le Garçon, he is. He slept here; he didn't find your bed comfortable; he came to us to complain of it; here he is, among my men; and here am I, ready

to look for a flea or two in his bedstead. Renaudin!" (calling to one of the subordinates and pointing to the waiter), "collar that man, and tie his hands behind him. Now then, gentlemen, let us walk upstairs."

Every man and woman in the house was secured—the "old soldier" the first. Then I identified the bed in which I had slept; and then we went into the room above.

No object that was at all extraordinary appeared in any part of it. The sub-prefect looked round the place, commanded everybody to be silent, stamped twice on the floor, called for a candle, looked attentively at the spot he had stamped on, and ordered the flooring there to be carefully taken up. This was done in no time.

Lights were produced, and we saw a deep, raftered cavity between the floor of this room and the ceiling of the room beneath. Through this cavity there ran perpendicularly a sort of case of iron, thickly greased; and inside the case appeared the screw, which communicated with the bed-top below. Extra lengths of screw, freshly oiled; levers, covered with felt; all the complete upper works of a heavy press, constructed with infernal ingenuity so as to join the fixtures below, and, when taken to pieces again, to go into the smallest possible compass—were next discovered, and pulled out upon the floor.

We went down to the bedroom. The smothering canopy was then lowered, but not so noiselessly as I had seen it lowered. When I mentioned this to the sub-prefect, his answer, simple as it was, had a terrible significance. "My men," said he, "are working down the bed-top for the first time; the men whose money you won were in better practice."

We left the house in the sole possession of two police agents, everyone of the inmates being removed to prison on the spot. The sub-prefect, after taking down my *procès verbal* in his office, returned with me to my hotel to get my passport. "Do you think," I asked, as I gave it to him, "that any men have really been smothered in that bed, as they tried to smother me?"

"I have seen dozens of drowned men laid out at the Morgue," answered the sub-prefect, "in whose pocket-books were found letters, stating that they had committed suicide in the Seine because they had lost everything at the gaming-table. Do I know how many of those men entered the same gambling-house that you entered, won as you won, took that bed as you took it, slept in it, were smothered in it, and were privately thrown into the river, with a letter of explanation written by the murderers, and placed in their pocket-books? No man can say how many, or how few, have suffered the fate from which you have escaped. The people of the gambling-house kept their bedstead-

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman

WHEN MAN BEATS THE MAN-EATER.

The battle between sharks and men is eternal. There is no pity in it—and, anyway, the sharks began it. Not every shark is a man-eater, but most fishers and seamen are shark-killers. Here is one of the kills, in the warm seas of the West Indies. The sharks die hard; often they have to be shot to stop their tremendous struggles. When they are landed, commerce steps in. The skins can be made into emery paper, their teeth and bones into ornaments—and their liver (this in a whisper) supplies better "cod liver oil."

machinery a secret from us, even from the police. The dead kept the rest of the secret from them."

The rest of my story is soon told. I was examined and re-examined; the gambling-house was strictly searched all through from top to bottom; the prisoners were separately interrogated; and two of the less guilty among them made a confession.

I discovered that the old soldier was the master of the gambling-house; Justice discovered that he had been drummed out of the army, as a vagabond, years ago; that he had been guilty of all sorts of villainies since, that he was in possession of stolen property, which the owners identified; and the he, the croupier, another accomplice, and the woman who had made my cup of coffee, were all in the secret of the terrible bedstead. They were sent to servitude.

One good result was produced by my adventure. It cured me of ever again trying rouge et noir as an amusement.

The sight of a green cloth, with packs of cards and heaps of money on it, will henceforth be forever associated, in my mind, with the sight of a bed-canopy descending to suffocate me in the silence and darkness of the night.

QUIZ
for today

LOOKING BACKWARD.

1. March 9, 1862.—How did a "cheese box on a raft" make the world's navies obsolete?
2. June 26, 1917.—Who arrived in France to make the acquaintance of Mademoiselle of Armentiers?
3. May 21, 1919.—Who completed the first transatlantic flight?
4. January 16, 1920.—Why were there Dry eyes everywhere in the U.S.?
5. December 11, 1936.—Who gave up a throne for "the woman I love?"
6. June 17, 1938.—Who flew "the wrong way" where?
7. September 25, 1938.—"Peace in our time" was assured where by whom?

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love, and a little of the bottle.
Charles Dibdin
(1745-1814).

JANE



—YOUR MAJESTY, I HAVE BAD NEWS!—I HAVE LEARNED THAT DEMOCRATES' ARMY HAS COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED—THEY SAY IT HAS BEEN DISPERSED—AND HAGEN IS ON HIS WAY TO COSMOS TO—TO—

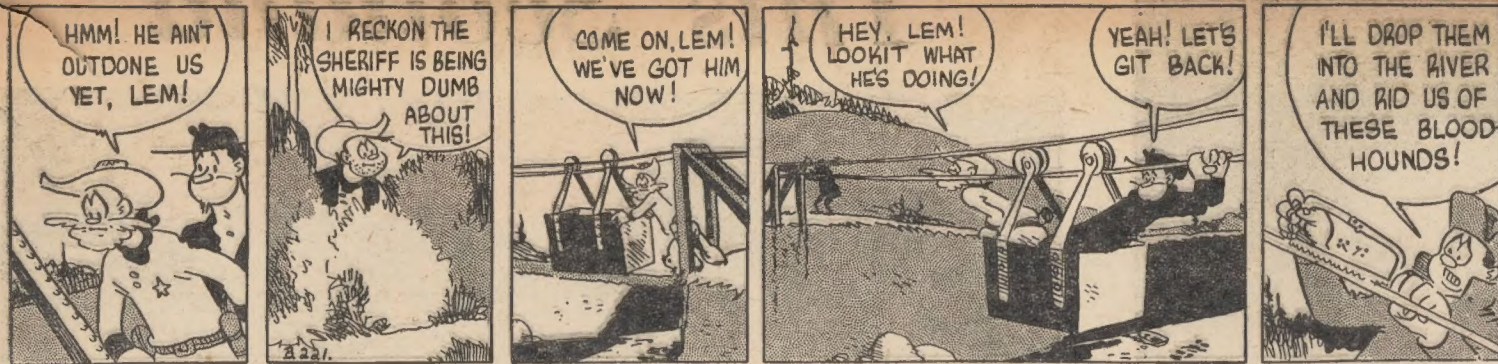


I KNOW!—TO INSPECT MY FAMOUS SCAR!—WELL, WE ARE READY FOR HIM!—I SHALL DISCOMFIT HIM AT THE EXPENSE OF MY MODESTY—AND SAVE CONRAD'S FACE!

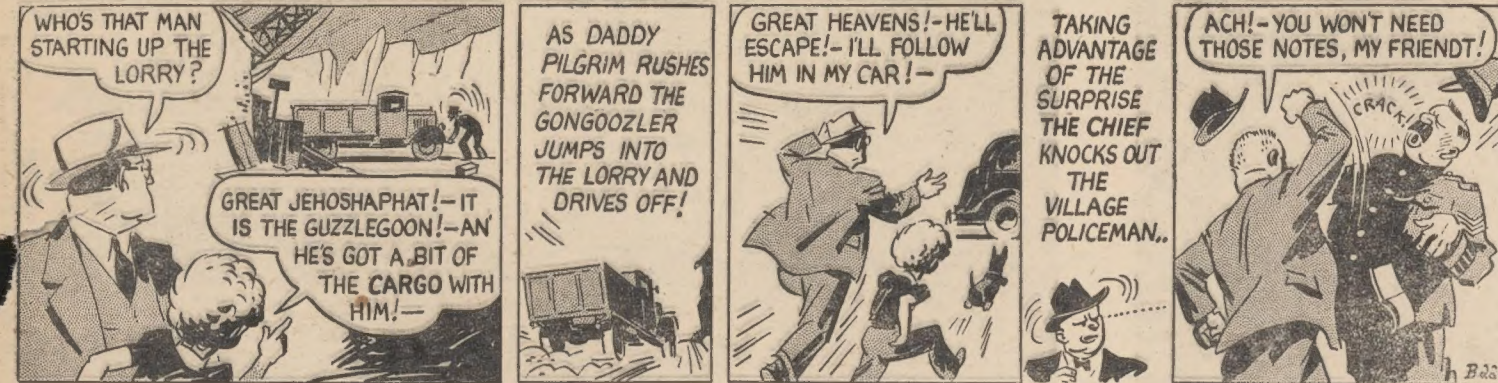


YES, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, CLOTILDE—BUT I DON'T LIKE THIS NEWS ABOUT DEMOCRATES!—WE ARE LOST IF THE PEASANT ARMY IS DISBANDED—YOU WILL SIMPLY SHARE THE KING'S CAPTIVITY....

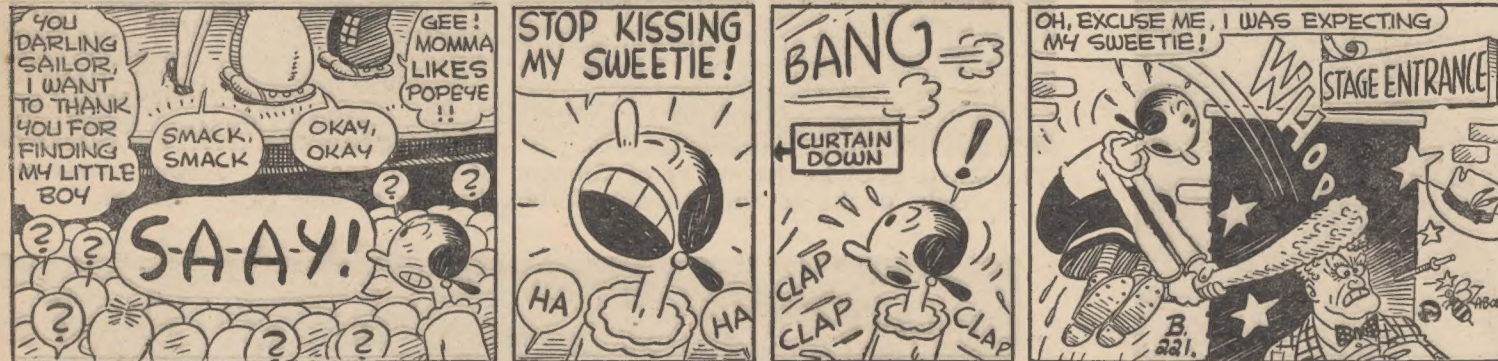
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



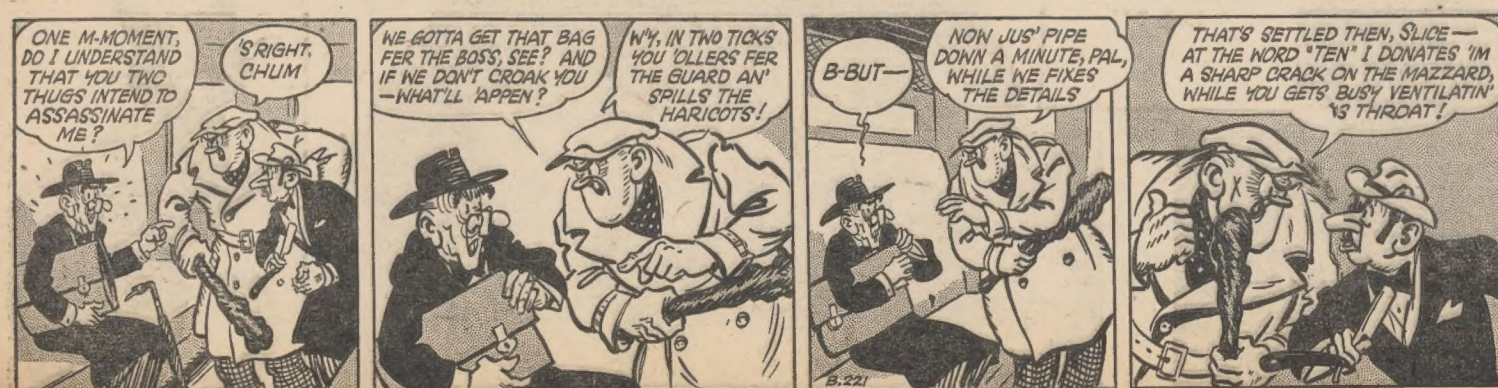
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Perfect Fielders

By THE OLD TOUGH

CRICKET enthusiasts are roused to go and watch first-class cricket for a variety of reasons. Some go to watch their favourite county; others to see this or that individual perform with bat or ball; others, again, go in the hopes that they will see some mighty hitting; sixes, galore are what they require in return for their bob.

Personally, I find a really brilliant fielding side gives me as much pleasure as anything.

To watch a team, keen and eager and on its toes during an innings, looking for every signal from the captain, with lightning-like movements close in, and swift racing and thunderbolt returns from the deep-field, is indeed worth while on a pretty summer day.

Look what confidence such a team gives to its bowlers! Knowing that not a run will be wasted, not a catch missed, they are encouraged to "bowl above themselves."

I once had the joy of seeing two such perfect teams of fielders oppose one another. This was in the Gents and Players at Lords in 1922.

From start to finish of that game the ground rocked with applause, and by far the greatest part of it was for the fielders. My word, the batsmen had to work hard for their runs in that match, for with this backing you may bet your life the bowlers were full of ginger, especially when time after time shots worth four were smartly picked up and returned before a run could be scored.

Yet, in spite of these handicaps, Jack Hobbs, Percy Chapman and A. C. Russell (Essex) all collected centuries; but, believe me, they had to work hard for every run.

The Australians who have come over here have almost invariably been brilliant in the field, their out-work being especially attractive to watch on account of the speed and accuracy of their returns from the deepest boundaries.

Don Bradman of the later visitors and Victor Trumper of the earlier were star performers. Another outstanding field was Pelley, who played in 1921, the year of England's worst defeats. A grand fielder anywhere and a sure catch, yet in the Test match at Lords Pelley dropped Woolley twice in one innings, and neither catch could be called a difficult one by any first-class, leave alone Test, player.

It is very comforting to us smaller fry when super-fielders come unstuck. We think to ourselves, "Well! If they can do it, you can't say too much to us."

Argue this out for yourselves

A FULLER DEMOCRACY.

DEMOCRACY is undoubtedly the highest political form, the form to which the world tends as it progresses, not simply because it gives more chances to everybody, but because it asks more of everybody, because in a democracy you do not merely impose duties on people from outside and above, but because they accept them voluntarily and are actors themselves on the stage. We hope we are moving to a fuller democracy and to the century of the common man.

Sir Richard Livingstone.

A GREAT CITY.

WHAT is wrong with this London of ours? There are four things that cry out for attention—the depressed areas of dreary and monotonous streets of poor and obsolete houses; the haphazard mix-up of industry and housing; traffic congestion; and the lack of open spaces in some parts of London as compared with others.

Lord Latham (L.C.C.).

Send your Stories, Jokes and ideas to the Editor

Answers to Mixed Doubles

- (a) COACH & HORSES.
- (b) HURRY & BUSTLE.

Answer to Who is It?
JOHN BUNYAN

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



Did you ever see such snappy sandals, and did you ever stop to think how precious clothing coupons must be to the fair sex? Even if you haven't done either, and aren't doing it now, we are not surprised.



"Gosh! Where am I? Being taken for a ride, huh?"

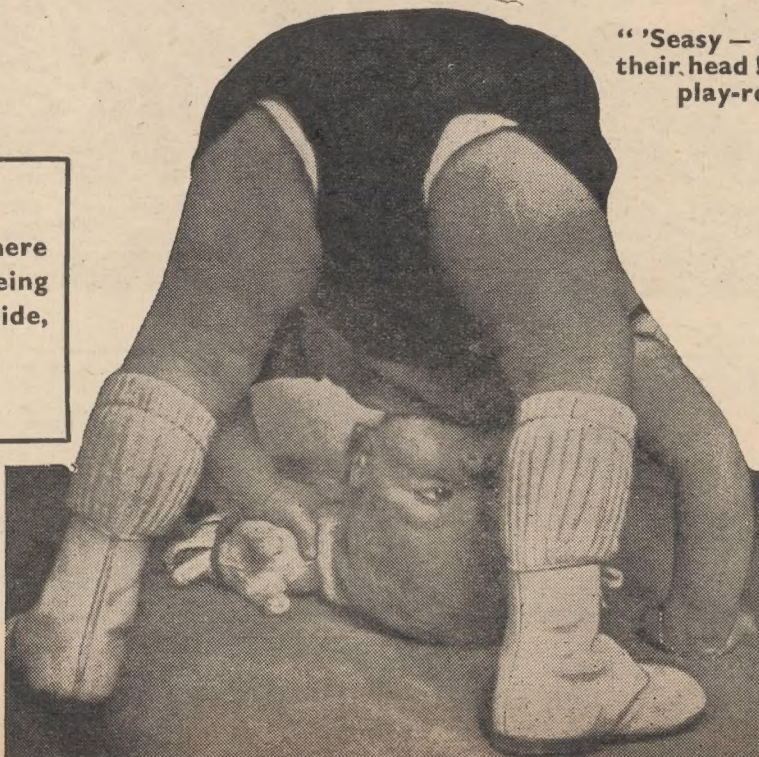
This Scotland



The silent pool in the valley of Glencoe of tragic memory. Above tower the twin peaks of the Aonach Duble, known as the two "Sisters."



An iceberg farm? Nothing of the kind, Sir. Nothing of the kind. Merely hungry swans diving "beneath the surface" for worms in Regent's Park.



"'Seasy — anyone can stand on their head! Ooh! But doesn't my play-room look funny?"

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Bottoms up — chaps"

